OUR SERIAL.

CHANGE.

When the breeze is softly whispering a
message to the trees,
And the purple clover's climbing almost
to a fellow's knees,
And the great big ox-eyed daisies are
a-nodding over there
Where a bird's song's sort o' liftin' an'
a driftin' through the air,
Like a silver-sided shallop on a tinkling
perfumed stream
Flowing through the air above me soft
and pleasant as a dream,
And I'm lying 'mongst the shadows cool
an' comfy as can be,
Then my memory contrary brings a dif-
ferent scene to me.

Then I'm standing in a canyon with the
hills on either side,
Where wild spirits and unruly seems for-
ever to abide,
There are huge Titanic bowlders in the
maddened torrent's path
And the hills above re-echo with the
thunders of its wrath,
And the trees that lean above it drip
with spray that it has flung
In the madness of its fury when it twist-
ed, turned and swung
With the fury of its effort to escape its
bonds and flee
To the flower-spangled meadows where
the birds and blossoms be.

It's the passion of the torrent to escape
its bonds and go
Where the world is blossom bordered and
life's tide is calm and slow;
While the dweller in the lowlands by the
sleepy, tinkling rills
Longs forever for the battle of the tor-
rents, and the hills
Ris'ng crag on crag above him, till he
seems life all alone
In a world some vast convulsion has
caught up and overthrown.
'Tis the wander-lust that pricks us till
our spirits long to range
Like a woman searching, searching hub-
by's pockets after "change."
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING

Author of "Norman Holt," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Fort Frayne," Etc.

CHAPTHER XII.

"IN THE TEETH OF THE BRIGADE."

Once more the Badger-Hoosier brigade was swinging away southwestward. For the sixth time in less than a year the men of the "Black Hats" at the head of column had picked their way over the stone-ribbed pike, saying opprobious things of Virginia pathmasters. An impudent lot were these fellows in the imitation "Kossuths." Marvelously snappy and precise in drill, steady on parade, enduring on the march and reasonably respectful toward their officers (who were the only ones in the division to don and habitually wear the fulldress headgear of the regular service), the rank and file were blessed with not a little soldier skepticism as to the value or stability of other commands in and out of the brigade, and a calmly critical attitude toward officers other than those of their selection. They had not been over well content with their original field and staff, and, for lack of leaders of that rank, had become somewhat split up at first Bull Run, fighting sturdily all the same by company or squad to the fag end, and never knowing they were whipped when finally "herded" off the field. Now, however, they had men at their head—colonel, lieutenant-colonel and major—by whom they positively swore and on whose skill and valor they would have banked their last cent. Yet, with all their regard for these, their honored leaders, it must be owned the Black Hats gave them lots of trouble. They would guy the rest of the brigade and lord it generally over the whole division, only one other regiment of which had as yet faced the foe in battle. They had a curious defect of vision when "outside" officers happened along, and were forever being complained of as failing to "render honors," whereat they were heard on more than one occasion unblushingly to declare they saw, but didn't suppose the strangers could be officers. They were preternaturally keen sighted as sentries toward men of other regiments "running guard" or smuggling contraband of war, and were correspondingly blind when the culprit was of their own complexion. They were probably the best drilled and positively the worst hated regiment in the whole division—and relished one distinction quite as much as the other—when they were marching this third time on Manassas, and the little West Pointer in saddle at their head thanked God that at last he had them where, with work against a common foe, there was possibility of keeping them out of mischief.

Centreville had been passed, Bull Run recrossed, and Bristoe reached—a point beyond their previous explorations. Then back had they to go to meet a threatened raid on their railway communications, and, that matter settled, again they were trudging through the well-remembered wood roads when, as a turn of the way brought their foremost company in full view of the fine sweep of country off to the west, the gray-bearded colonel, for the time commanding the brigade, reined out to the right for a look at his men, and his tall, born-soldier of an adjutant rode alongside the black-bearded, dark-featured, stocky little leader of the Black Hats, pointed with his gauntletted hand to the blue curtain of the Bull Run range and remarked: "I'd give a good deal to know just what that fellow Jackson's doing behind that screen to-day."

"Why so?" asked O'Connor, shortly. "Shields licked him well at Kernstown. Banks has turned his whole force back there. Blenker's big division has gone to reinforce them. Why, we've got enough men there to eat 'em alive—Jackson and all."

"First catch your rabbit," said the adjutant, musingly. "Old Stonewall knows every footpath in the valley—every path through the mountains. He'll trick Banks and Fremont, sure's your born, colonel. Then we'll have a shy at him."

"May the Lord grant it," was the pious answer, as the colonel looked wistfully away toward the little rift in the dark ridge where, ten miles distant, lay Thoroughfare Gap, the best and shortest route to the Shenandoah—the gap through which four months later this same much-discussed and as yet little-known Jackson was with such fatal effect to pour his columns on the union flank and rear.

It was a moist afternoon. The men in the marching column, heavily burdened with bulging knapsack and double blanket and the long Springfield over their burly shoulders, whipped off their hats and swept the coat-sleeve over their dripping brows, peering curiously at the old colonel sitting sturdily in saddle and watching their array. A grim smile stole over his grizzled face as his own battalion came striding forth in the wake of the "Scoffing Second." Then the kindly eyes clouded with something like displeasure at sight of a tall, lanky civilian on a decrepit gray, riding with the lieutenant-colonel commanding. He had seen the man before many a mile from the spot and more than a week away. "How came you here?" he asked, as the civilian ambled out of the column and touched his worn hatbrim.

"My place is just over yahnduh, colonel. P'haps you doan' remember my comin' to you with a pass, back o' Fairfax," and the tall stranger looked confidently into the grizzled, sun-burned face. "Been in to Alexandria, yo' know, for supplies. Wagon went sho'ht cut by stone bridge."

Keenly studying the veteran's face, he suddenly added: "Ain't Col. Bayard's cavalry out there?"

"Ask me no questions, my friend, and I'll tell you no lies," was the wary answer. "Gen. McDowell's pass compels me to let you ride along with the column, but doesn't require me to post you as to our movements. You know too much now to be traveling toward Jackson's people, and—have you shown that pass to the division commander?"

"Why, it was he who got it for me," answered the Virginian, placidly. "It was I that took him Lieut. Benton's pistol and told him of his capture.

BREAKFAST WAS SPOILING.

What's more, I'm 'specting to get further news of the lieutenant. Why, hyuh comes the general now, and 'f you don't mind, colonel, I reckon I'll ride with him a piece."

Graybeard glanced half angrily over his shoulder. A few yards north of the road there was a barren little eminence, on the crest of which there had suddenly appeared the division commander with two of his staff. Unslinging their fieldglasses, they seemed for a moment studying the westward lowlands, then came trotting swiftly toward the column.

"Colonel, there are scattered parties of cavalry out there coming swift this way, too—out north of Bristoe—between that and Gainesville. They don't seem to be watching the column, either. Send one regiment out along the Gainesville road as far as Bethlehem church and let them throw out skirmishers. Halt the rest of the brigade here. Good afternoon, Mr. Jennings," he continued, in civil acknowledgment of the Virginian's salutation. "I thought you were home by this time."

"General," said he, coming alongside, "I want to say one thing, suh, and it's this—that young gentleman of your staff was so kind to Dr. Chilton that it completely staggered the doctor to have him knocked down and captured. He's bound to take the best of cayuh of him till he's well enough to take cayuh of himself—an' then——"

"Well, and then, Mr. Jennings?" asked the general, impatiently, for he was eager to get on ahead.

"You look out for his turning up any day! If he ain't exchanged, I'm bettin' somethin' else will happen."

"My understanding is that Dr. Chilton has made himself personally responsible for Mr. Benton's safekeeping so long as he's allowed to remain with him——"

"That's true, I reckon," answered Jennings. "But," and here his lantern jaws relaxed in whimsical grin, "the doctor ain't the only brainy one in that family, general. The girl that planned young Ladue's escape from your fellows at Henry house may play it on Ewell's folks at Gawd'nsville just as easy."

"So you know Ewell's at Gordonville!" said the general, whirling suddenly on the speaker. "And you know the lady who got Mr. Ferguson into his scrape, do you?"

"Gettin' another fella out o' one—yes—suh," answered Jennings, unflinchingly. "And she made a big play that night to get still another out of a bad fix—'less I'm mistaken. Why, general, you jus' ought to heuh Judge Armistead talk about that girl. He says half the men in Albemarle, university and all, were in love with her when the war broke out, and the judge has a mighty pretty daughter of his own, too. I rather hoped some of our cavalry might be pushin' out toward Hopewell to-night. Ain't Col. Bayard somewhere out that way? Hullo! There's a shot!"

Not one shot, but two, three, in quick succession. Somewhere ahead among the patches and thickets of scrub oak and pine the scattering advance guard had suddenly met swift galloping lads in gray. Then came the distant sound of half a dozen shots—carbines—and the answering sputter of a ragged volley. Well out to the front a bugle sounded some lively call, and, spurring full gallop from the rear, the tall adjutant went bending and twisting away among the trees until out of sight ahead, and then his powerful voice came ringing back: "This way, captain—lively! Double quick!"

Evidently Haskell had sighted some of the quarry and closer at hand than those ahead along the roadway, for there came a crackle of shots—the bark of the cavalry weapon, the saucy pop of a revolver somewhere among the thickets to the left of the column; then a shrill burst of cheers from the deploying blue coats on the westward flank. All of a sudden through the bushes tumbled a little squad of troopers in gray, making heroic effort to carry off a helpless comrade. The general and his aides had spurred in with the skirmishers, and were just in time to see two riderless horses tearing away among the trees across an open glade, while half a dozen daring, devoted fellows in saddle were stoutly interposing between the forward rush of the excited Badgers and three of their number surrounding and supporting a tall officer who had been lifted sideways to the back of a plunging steed. "Halt!" "Halt!" "Dismount!" "Surrender!" rang the hoarse shouts of the dozen bluecoats, dashing in pursuit. Bang! Bang! came the defiant response of the few defenders. Bang! Bang! bellowed a brace of Springfields in reply. "Don't shoot!" "Hold your fire!" yelled the general. "Don't shoot!" "Don't shoot!" echoed the staff, for the luckless cavalier, reeling in his seat, went sliding into the arms of his loyal followers, while the devil of a horse whirled round, tugging, straining at the reins and striving to break away. "Dismount!" "Down with you!" "Off with you!" cried the pursuers, officer and man, as another terrified horse tore, wildly neighing, in chase of the foremost. It was a desperate effort on part of the grays. Their comrade troopers were too far off to help them, even could they drive through the stout skirmish line already far flung across the field beyond. With a last wave of his white hand, the officer seemed ordering his defenders to save themselves, and those in saddle, with parting shots and defiant yells—one of them even hurling in rage his emptied revolver at the tall adjutant, the foremost man in the rush—darted away, bending low over the streaming manes, with the bullets of half a score of Springfields whizzing past their ears.

The adjutant was off his big, rawboned bay in an instant and, bending over the fainting man, unscrewed the cap of his flask and held it to the pale lips beneath the sweeping mustache. "A major, hey?" he said, as he noted the brilliant braids of gold lace on the handsome uniform frock. "What is a major doing out here with only a squad of you boys?"

"Is he wounded?" asked the chief as he glanced at the two silent striplings in gray. One of them faced the commander.

"Horse fell, suh—rolled on him—broke his leg," said he, with a salute that told unerringly of soldier teaching; so, too, did the speaker's pose. Instinctively he was standing at attention. He knew the rank betrayed by that yellow sash.

"Give this young gentleman a sip from your flask, Haskell; I fear he's—— Why, my lad, you're wounded! Look to him, some of you!" cried the general, for the boy had grown ashen pale and was reeling when strong arms caught and lowered him.

"Sure, general. He's shot through the breast," said a bearded soldier, tearing aside the trooper's jacket and displaying a blood-wet shirt beneath.

"And wouldn't show it," answered the general. "That's the way with them. Send for a surgeon, captain." And then the general, too, was off his horse and bending over the stricken lad. "Do you know his name—and home?" he asked of the pale-faced young Virginian, standing trembling a bit with excitement beside him. The lad flushed, looked distressed, embarrassed, but seemed to believe it his soldier duty to give no information whatever to the enemy. It was Jennings who spoke, his voice breaking harshly, somehow, on the silence of the surrounding group, as he elbowed a way through the curious circle and caught sight of the swooning boy.

"I know him, general. He's one of our best, suh," and now Jennings, too, had thrown himself upon his knees. "It's Floyd Pelham, suh, of Charlottesville. It'll break his mother's heaht, suh, if he's done for."

The wail in the Virginian's voice seemed to catch the ear and rouse the faculties of the reviving officer.

"Who's that—done for?" he faintly asked. "Not Floyd Pelham?" And bracing his hands upon the turf, he struggled to a sitting posture, while Jennings sprang to his feet and stared.

"Maj. Lounsberry! Good God, suh, you wounded, too? Why, I'd no idea——"

"No idea, I suppose," interposed the major, with cutting, sarcastic emphasis, "that your friends, the Chiltons, had turned that Yankee lieutenant loose. Well, you needn't rejoice, gentlemen, we've got him again—and right in the teeth of his own brigade!"

CHAPTER XIII.

RIVANNA TO RAPIDAN.

Long as he lives Fred Benton will never forget that night ride from the Chiltons and the thrilling days that followed. Something heaved up through the dim starlight and lightly tapped against the clapboards below the sill, and something black came "swarming" up the other something—Pomp again, and Pomp chuckled at sound of Benton's whispered hail.

"We've got a ladder dis time, suh. Didn't dass try it befo' wid dem sojus at de bahn," and by ladder, not by lightning rod, was the descent accomplished. Dusky hands helped the crippled soldier into saddle. Dusky hands waved him good-by and good luck.

Then Benton gave himself unquestioning to him whom she, his imperious queen, had appointed as his guide, and together they rode forth into the murmuring night.

When the suburbs were left behind and they had found the open country his escort turned and said: "Kin you stand a little canter, Marstuh?" and Benton recognized the voice of Dusky Dan, and "stood" accordingly. They forded, somewhere toward two o'clock, a little branch, a tributary of the rushing Rivanna, and were still heading westward when Fred's darkey guide left him with both horses at the edge of a grove, while he went forward afoot and reconnoitered. Presently he came back rejoiceful. "Dey ain't a soul a lookin' out fo' de bridge, suh. Dey's all over Gawd'nsville way. We save nigh onto five miles hyuh," and so led on again, the hoof-beats sounding hollow on the planking of some old-time truss across a swift, exuberant mountain stream, running bank full and, far and near, said Dan, unfordable. Still on through whispering aisles of forest trees, through squashy cross-country bridle paths, far from pike or toll road, until at dawn old Daniel led his soldier charge from the beaten track, and turning square to the left began a tortuous climb that brought them presently to two little cabins. Here, while Benton was made comfortable in his blanket Dan held converse with other unseen occupants, giving explicit directions, faintly audible in the hiss of frying bacon and the bubble of boiling coffee. Benton heard vaguely, drowsily, the words "Swift Run Gap, Sperryville, Ohleans, Hedgman river" and when he roused himself in response to vigorous yet regretful prodding, he knew not how long thereafter, a new voice sounded on his sleepy senses. Another guardian bent over him in the shape of a negro with wrinkled face and gray-white, kinky hair, but a world of sympathy and interest in his somble eyes. Marstuh's breakfast was spoiling and it was time that they were moving. Where was Daniel? "Daniel had to go back to Marse Chilton's. Miss Rosalie done fixed all dat."

[To Be Continued.]

Servant Problem.

A woman in Baltimore recently lost two servants the same day. Remembering a girl whom a friend had recommended, a message was sent to her by the Baltimore woman. The girl immediately replied to the message in person and was engaged on the spot. When she was asked whether she could at once enter upon the discharge of the duties of her new place she replied that she could do so, at the same time indicating her bag in the hall. "I fetched it along, mem," said she, "as I thought mebbe you'd want me right away."

A weeks' trial proved the girl to be satisfactory. It was then that the mistress inquired:

"Maggie, do your people know where you are?"

"No, mum," was the answer. "Ye see, I came here at once."

"Won't they worry about you, not knowing where you are?"

"Well, mum, said the girl, "Mr. Clancy might be a trifle anxious, mum. That's my husband, mum."—N. Y. Herald.

A True Comedian.

The funny man of the piece was indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage when he struck his head violently, entirely by accident, against one of the pillars of the scene. On hearing the thud every one uttered a cry. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt-cellar. These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when everyone expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.—Tit-Bits.

Mutual.

A man with a painful expression of countenance sat on a public seat.

"Are you ill?" some one asked.

"No."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter, then?"

"I'm sitting on a wasp."

"Why don't you get up?"

"That was my first impulse, but I began to think that I was hurting the wasp as badly as he was hurting me, and I concluded to sit here a while."—Smith's Weekly.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

WHAT CAUSES GIRLS AND MEN TO BREAK TROTH.

The Long Engagement: Some Girls Tire of Lovers' Delay—A Visit at the Home of the "Intended" Often Brings Trouble—Some Girls Short-Sighted and Selfish—The "Ocean-Steamer" Engagement.

The reason why engagements are broken, judging from those which have come under the writer's observation, can be mostly classified under a few heads. To illustrate by a few examples:

An attachment sprang up between two young people who seemed well adapted to each other, and presently their formal engagement was announced. Congratulations poured in. The young persons received them smilingly, and said: "It will be some time before we are married. It is going to be a long engagement."

In the first instance which was mentioned the engagement lasted for four years. Then the girl, who was living at home with her parents in modest circumstances, became tired of her lover's delay and married another man. He was not the equal of the first one, and she was never really happy. This case represents a large class.

The only remedy we can suggest is that the matter should remain an absolute secret until a few months before a wedding can be announced.

* * * * *

In another case, which looked bright at first, the girl was away from home and her lover had never seen her parents. They were plain people, and lived in a plain way, and when he paid his first visit to her home his love waned.

It has been said that if you really wish to break up an engagement you can do it more surely than in any other way by arranging a visit of either one at the home of the other. It is truly a hard test. The self-consciousness—the certainty with which little things will go wrong, and the disadvantage at which everything is likely to show—these form an almost fatal combination.

Some variation of this sort of trouble represents another large class of "breakers" on which the embryo ship of matrimony comes to wreck and ruin. In this case the only remedy would seem to be to know pretty well the family of the beloved one, if possible, before the final word has been said.

* * * * *

A third class of troubles arise from a lack of imagination. Thus a delicately reared girl, the heiress to a great fortune, became engaged to a charming young fellow, who had pledged his life to the cause of foreign missions.

Her parents were consecrated people, who consented that their daughter should give her life to the heathen. But as the wedding day drew near, and the girl began to realize what she was about to do, she faltered. She heard weird tales of the terrors of her future career; of the loneliness; of the difficulty of mastering a barbarous dialect. Her love was not quite strong enough to support her under the prospect—and, with the wedding day all but set, she broke the engagement.

The young man ought to have been delighted to have been freed from such a weakling, but he was not. He was heartbroken. It is said that any man can recover in six months from a "disappointment in love," but there are many exceptions.

Thus, a third class of cases may be said to be those in which the circumstances of the young man are not appreciated by the girl until she has come more fully face to face with them than was possible in the very dawn of their love. Poverty and other stringencies of a similar sort belong under this head. As for a remedy, what can be suggested, unless that every effort should be made to picture to each of the interested parties the conditions which will follow under the plans already made?

* * * * *

Perhaps another class may be called the "ocean-steamer" engagement. The writer has personally known several of this kind which melted into thin air as soon as the prosaic shore was reached.

There seems to be something about the environment of the ocean and the appointments of a steamship, and the negligee in which most of the passengers appear, which alters the values of men and women.

Thus, one young woman who was going to Paris on purpose to purchase her marriage trousseau, fell in love with one of the officers of the steamer on which she went over, wrote home to her distracted lover that her heart was now given to another, bought her trousseau, with the intention of wedding the officer, came home and brought him with her, did not like his appearance in plain clothes and away from his ship, told him that she had made a mistake and finally married her first love and put her trousseau to its original use!

One is driven to the irresistible conclusion that until it is nearly time for the wedding, and until all these various reefs, and the many others, which must be crossed before an engagement can be reckoned as secure, until then as little should be said about it as possible. "Least said, soonest mended," perhaps applies to this sort of thing as properly as to those to which it is more generally applied.

A KNITTED STRING-BAG.

A Handy Affair to Have About and Also a Rather Effective Bit of Decoration.

Materials.—Four needles, No. 11, and two balls lustrine (one orange, one black. Cast on (in orange) 24 stitches on each of three needles.

First round. Plain knitting. *Second round. Knit 3, make 1 by putting thread over needle, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, make 1, and repeat from * all round. Third round. Plain knitting. Fourth round. Make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, and make 1, knit 3, and repeat to end. Fifth round. Plain knitting. Repeat rounds 2, 3, 4 and 5 twice more, but work the last plain round in black.

In the black work the 4 pattern rounds three times, but the last plain round in

A CONVENIENT ARTICLE.

orange. Work the 4 pattern rounds in orange four times, the last plain round in black.

In black the 4 pattern rounds twice, once in orange, twice in black, 4 times in orange, then 4 plain rounds of knitting in black. Make a round of holes thus: Make 1 (by putting thread over), knit 2 together, and repeat all round. Knit 4 plain rounds. Cast off. Work with orange one round of crochet edging thus: 4, treble miss 2, 1 double crochet, miss 2, and repeat from * all round. Place a piece of thick copper wire in the holes and fasten the ends into a circle, then tie a ribbon on either side, and hang the string-bag in a useful corner or on the handle of an office table.

NEAT HAND-MADE COLLAR.

Filet Net Used for This Dainty Piece of Lingerie and the Stitches Are Very Simple.

Of the many new things in collars, none is prettier than those made of filet net, one of which is here illustrated, says a woman writer in the Orange Judd Farmer. A strip three inches wide will make five collars for a 12 or 13-inch neck, and the cotton to work it with is four-threaded, like darning cotton, but is mercerized. Use the four threads at once and fill the squares by working around each one twice. When using a

CORNER SECTION OF COLLAR.

four-threaded cotton, great care must be taken in fastening ends. At the beginning of each needleful run the threads through several of the squares to be filled and work over them. At the end run the threads back through seven squares. Sometimes a heavy two-corded mercerized cotton is used, and in the same way. Begin to work eight squares from the side and 23 squares from the bottom. The pattern speaks for itself. Repeat the scallops until there are 12 across, counting those in the corner. Turn the hem so there will be four squares below the pattern and work over the second ones from the edge, as shown in the cut. Sew on a band, and it is ready to wear. Over a ribbon stock, with a bow in front, it is very effective, or worn with a large brooch.

FASHION'S FRILLS.

Messaline, peau de soie and crepe de chine are the silk fabrics most in use for separate waists.

Brocaded silks make the most effective tea gowns and require only a little lace for trimming.

The latest automobile veil is of chiffon three yards long and fitted up with a fine steel band to slip on the crown of the hat.

The fichu trimmed waist will be a leader for the coming season in cotton and other fabrics.

Fitted coat suits with vest effects will be prominent in the spring.

Blue, brown, butter yellow and champagne supplemented by green are the colors that preevail in the advance millinery shows.

Fancy mohair, according to the prophets, will attain to considerable vogue next spring and summer.

Combinations of two materials are approved by fashionable modistes.

A novel fancy is to line the broad brim of velvet hats with leather, preferably suede, in a lighter shade than the velvet.

Eoliennes continue in favor for dressy wear and cashmeres have been again placed on the modish list.

Exceedingly pretty designs are seen in collar and cuff sets of lawn and lace.